

Nym. I shall haue my Noble?

Pist. In cash, most iustly payd.

Nym. Well, then that the humor of it.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to sit John: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passes some humors, and carceres.

Pist. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will lince.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.

Bed. For God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and euen they do bear themselves, As if allegiance in their bosomes fate

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,

By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours;

That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Masbam,

And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:

Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs

Will cut their passage through the force of France?

Doing the execution, and the acte,

For which we haue in head assembled them.

Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well periwaded

We carry not a heart with vs from hence,

That growes not in a faire consent with ours:

Not leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish

Success and Conquest to attend on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,

Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect

That sits in heart-greefe and vncasinesse

Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment.

Kni. True; those that were your Fathers enemies,

Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you

With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our hand

Sooner then quittance of desert and merit,

According to the weight and worthinesse.

Scro. So seruice shall with Steele and sinewes toyle,

And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope

To do your Grace incessant seruices.

King. We Iudge no lesse, Vnkle of Exeter,

Inlarge the man committed yesterday,

That rayl'd against our person: We consider

It was excess of Wine that set him on,

And on his more aduice, We pardon him,

Scro. That's mercy, but too much security:

Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example

Bred (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too. Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life, After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me, Are heavy Orisons 'gainst this poore wretch:

If little faults proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care

And tender preservation of our person

Would haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes,

Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one my Lord,

Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Scro. So did you me my Liege.

Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours:

Gray of Northumberland, this same is yours:

Read them, and know I know your worthinesse.

My Lord of Westmerland, and Vnkle Exeter,

We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you looke

So much complexion? Look ye how they change:

Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,

That haue so cowarded and chaf'd your blood

Out of apparence.

Cam. I do confesse my fault,

And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicken'd in vs but late,

By your owne counsaile is suppress'd and kill'd:

You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,

For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,

As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you:

See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,

These English monst'ers: My Lord of Cambridge heere,

You know how apt our loue was, to accord

To furnish with all appertinents

Belonging to his Honour; and this man,

Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd

And sworne vnto the practises of France

To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,

This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to vs

Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,

What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruel,

Ingratefull, saurage, and inhumane Creature?

Thou that didst beare the key of all my countailes,

That knew'st the very bottome of my soule,

That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,

Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vfe?

May it be possible, that forraigne hyer

Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill

That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,

That though the truth of it stands off as grosse

As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason, and murder, euer kept together,

As two yoke diuels sworne to eithers purpose,

Working so grossely in an naturall cause,

That admiration did not hoope at them.

But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in

Wonder to waite on treason, and on murder:

And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was

That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,

Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And

And other diuels that suggest by treasons, Do botch and bungle vp damnation, With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht From glitt'ring semblances of piety:

But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,

Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,

Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.

If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,

Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,

He might returne to vastie Tartar hacke,

And tell the Legions, I can neuer win

A soule so easie as that Englishmans.

Oh, how hast thou with icalousie infected

The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,

Why so didst thou: seeme they graue and learned?

Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?

Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious?

Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,

Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,

Constant in spirit, not tweruing with the blood,

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,

Not working with the eye, without the eare,

And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,

Such and so finely boulted didst thou seeme:

And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,

To make thee full fraught man, and best indued

With some suspicion, I will weepe for thee.

For this result of thine, me thinkes is like

Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,

Arrest them to the answer of the Law,

And God acquit them of their practises.

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of

Richard Earle of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas

Lord Scroope of Masbam.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas

Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scro. Our purposes, God iustly hath discouer'd,

And I repent my fault more then my death,

Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgive me,

Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,

Although I did admit it as a mortue,

The sooner to effect what I intended:

But God be thanked for preuention,

Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce,

Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce

At the discouery of most dangerous Treason,

Then I do at this houre ioy ore my selfe,

Preuented from a damned enterprize;

My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence

You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,

Ioy'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,

Recey'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:

Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter,

His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,

His Subiects to oppression, and contempt,

And his whole Kingdom into desolation:

Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge,

But we our Kingdome safety must so tender,

Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes

We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,

(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:

The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue

You patience to indure, and true Repentance

Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. Exit.

Now Lords for France: the enterprize whereof

Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.

We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,

Since God so graciously hath brought to light

This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,

To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,

But euery Rubbe is smoothened on our way.

Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer

Our Puissance into the hand of God,

Putting it straight in expedition.

Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,

No King of England, if not King of France. Flourish.

Enter Pistoll, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse.

Hostesse. Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring

thee to Staines.

Pistoll. No: for my manly heart doth erue. Bardolph,

be blythe: Nym, rowle thy vaunting Veines: Boy, bristle

thy Courage vp: for Falsaffe hee is dead, and wee must

erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wherefomere hee is,

eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthurs

Bosome, if euer man went to Arthurs Bosome: a made a

finer end, and went away and it had bene any Christome

Child: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n

at the turning o'th Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with

the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fin-

gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was

as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of Greene fields. How now

Sir John (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: so a

cried out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,

to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I

hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any

such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his

feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they

were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so

vp-peerd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cryed out of Sack.

Hostesse. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hostesse. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incar-

nate.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-

lour he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Deule would haue him about

Women.

Hostesse. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women:

but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of

Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon

Bardolphs Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning

in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire:

that's all the Riches I got in his seruice.

Nym. Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from

Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes:

Looke to my Chattels, and my Moucables. Let Senices

rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes

are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast

is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Canoe, bee

thy Counsaillor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke,

fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horse-

leeches